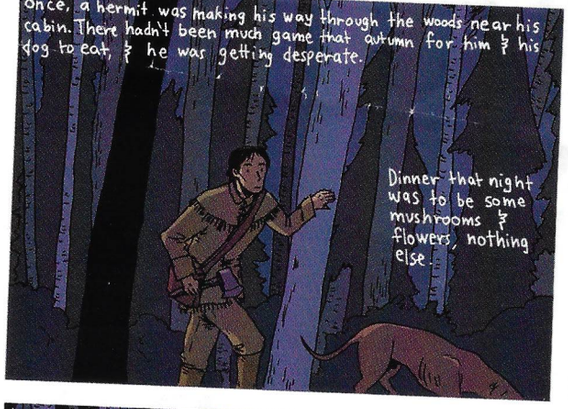
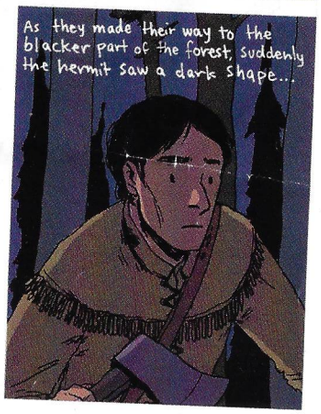
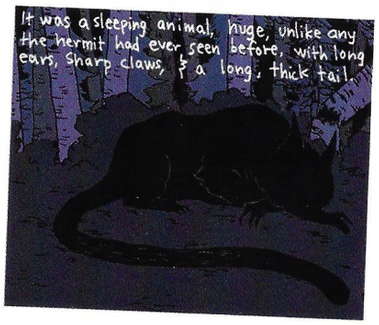
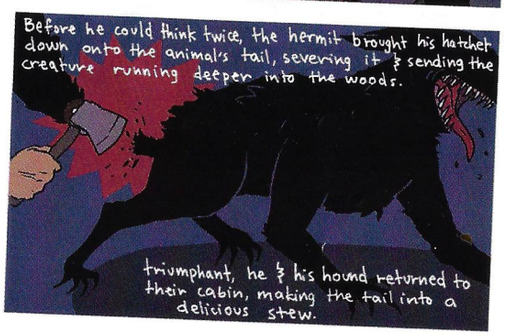
I'm going to tell the tale of the
TAILYPO


once, a hermit was making his way through the woods near his cabin. There hadn't been much game that autumn for him & his dog to eat, & he was getting desperate.
Dinner that night was to be some mushrooms & flowers, nothing else.

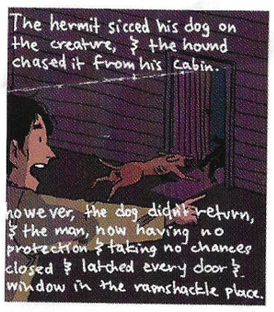

As they made their way to the blacker part of the forest, suddenly the hermit saw a dark shape...

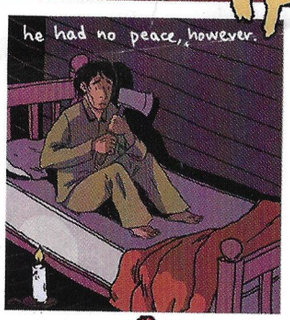

It was a sleeping animal, huge, unlike any the hermit had ever seen before, with long ears, sharp claws, & a long, thick tail.

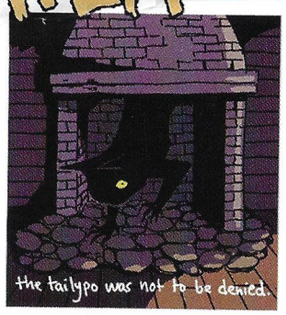

Before he could think twice, the hermit brought his hatchet down onto the animal's tail, severing it & sending the creature running deeper into the woods.
triumphant, he & his hound returned to their cabin, making the tail into a delicious stew.

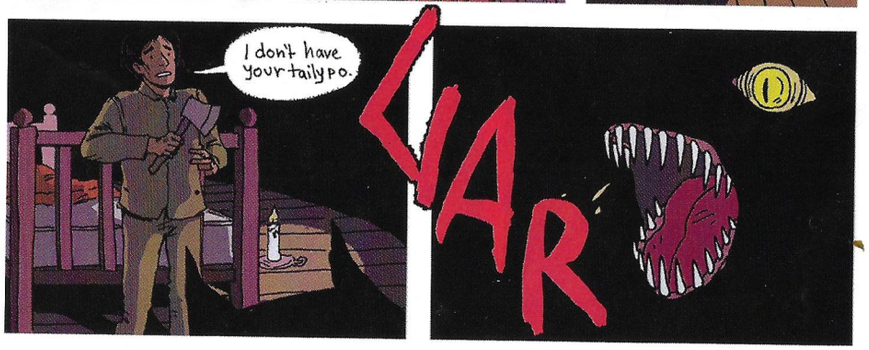
well fed, the man slept soundly for the first time in weeks.
However, something shook him awake soon enough...

ailypo,
tailypo
give me back m
TAILYPO


The hermit sicced his dog on the creature, & the hound chased it from his cabin.
however, the dog didn't return, & the man, now having no protection & taking no chances closed & latched every door & window in the ramshackle place.


he had no peace, however.


the tailypo was not to be denied.


I don't have your tailypo.
LIAR

when the hermit's hound returned at dawn, he found only rubble, & no sign of his master.
& the tailypo?
Well... he got his tail back.
END